Paradox Riddle

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Published at Youtube on 5 October, 2014

Count it once
Don't look twice
I can see
I can hear

Say it thrice
Open wide
Pour it out
All that needs to concede

Think again
Make a change
To the day

Say it thrice
Open wide
Cough up words and let the magic
Take
Over

For many, many years
We've made their hearts seem vivid
Blackened spells would make
Any life less pallid
Falling off my tongue
The foreign incantation
Fabricated lives and stories

Riddle me a paradox
The taste of my spell upon my fingertips
And one more time, we
Curse 'till the limit breaks
Contortion is places upon perception
And one more time, we

Spirits cry
Through the night
From their song
Teardrops fall

Say it thrice
Open wide
Pour it out
Repent for their sins
Bleeding out from their mouth
Twist around, all we are
Are simply children of delusion

More so
Blackened spells would make
Any life less pallid

Falling off my tongue
The foreign incantation
Fabricated lives and stories

Think of me a wicked girl
The moonlight has shone upon iniquity
And necromancy
Sweetly scented in the air
It thickens and fills the mind with dementia
And one more time, we

Riddle me a paradox
The taste of my spell upon my fingertips
And one more time, we
Curse 'till the limit breaks
Contortion is places upon perception
And one more time, we

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
And one more time, we...

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
And one more time, we...

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
And one more time, we...

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
And one more time, we...